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"No." She remembered, then, how she had come to know the face so well and added. "But you are Allingham Chorley."

"I cannot deny it," he said, with a haughty gesture, "and I may be confess-ing to friend—or foe."

There was a silence of some seconds; then he began: "How did you come here this morn-

"I live in the house;" and Dora longed to add something more assuring, yet scarcely knew what to say.

"Indeed!" he said, in a surprised tone. "I thought the house was empty. I did not know Mr. Harton would dare to let it;" and there was a perceptible sneer or. his lip and in his voice.

"We came here in May," Dora added. "I was here in March and heard then it had never been tenanted. Mr. Harton is home, of course?" "No, the family are all away and will

not return in several days." "I must beg you to pardon me," he said, rising, "for thus entering your abode. If I had been aware of your residing here or of Mr. Harton's absence, I should not have chosen this course. There are reasons why I do not care to

have my presence here known; yet, be-lieve me, I would not on any account have disturbed or alarmed you. May I trust that I have not given you too severe Dora could not but smile at thus find-

ing herself on familiar terms with a person who a short half hour ago was the object of her deepest solicitude and fear. As if interpreting the smile, he held out his hand frankly, and said, in deep, honest tones that carried faith with them: "Let us be friends. I need a friend

here sadly, for I am an unwilling alien in the house of my fathers. I will prove to you some day that I am not utterly unworthy of confidence."

Dora took the proffered hand. He seemed so little like a stranger that in a few moments she found herself relating not only the event that had disturbed her midnight quiet, but many incidents concerning the Hartons; and he in turn, when he found she knew the episode of his supposed attempt on Mr. Harton's life, related what had befallen him since. He had spent five years at the west, in a mercantile house, and two in Europe. Now the business had passed into other hands on account of the death of his employer, and finding a lull in his hitherto busy life, he had determined to come to Chorley Cliffs, and if possible make a

thorough search for the lost will. "On my return from Europe last March I came out here for a few hours, and satisfied myself a little as to matters concerning the house. I concluded my safest course would be to gain the tower unknown to any one. Its reputation of being haunted might favor me a little, I thought. I reached the next town below here in time to obtain my supper, and shortly afterward started to walk hither. The night was so beautiful that I loitered on the way, consequently I did not arrive here until the lights were out, and not dreaming of the place being inhabited, proceeded at once to gain entrance. I tried two of the doors below, and found them fastened, as I supposed I should; then I mounted the roof, and finding the woodwork of the window partially decayed, with the aid of my knife soon forced an entrance. I should have been more careful had I supposed the noise would alarm any one. And now, what is my sentence to be for thus feloniously

little merciful." "It was not my house," returned Dora, with a smile, "so I may be lenient. But do you really hope to find the will?"

"My father died in the positive belief there was a will hidden away somewhere. His brother's wife found hers in a closet in the room below, a place he had searched through vainly. Indeed, he felt well convinced she must first have put it there. Mr. Harton acted very suspiciously, I think, after his wife's death. He was not at all willing for me to enter the tower. Now, if he felt really satisfied as to my grandfather's will, why should be object to any search I might like to make? My present purpose is to penetrate every conceivable nook or possible hiding place—that is, if I can gain your mother's permission to stay here awhile."

Dora remained talking until she heard Jane's voice calling her to her morning's duties. Promising to arrange for an in-terview between Mr. Chorley and her mother, she ran down, received a small scolding from the impatient Jane, who wondered what she could find in that old ghost tower to interest her so much. She read awhile to her mother and then assisted Jane with the dinner, finding no time for the conversation she had promised herself. However, Jane was going to spend the afternoon with a sick neighbor, and when Dora saw her walk down the garden path in all the glory of clean dress and white apron she took out her sewing and sat down beside her mother with a satisfied smile.

"Mamma," she began, after a considerable silence, "do you think it would be wrong for Mr. Chorley to come here and search the place for his grandfather's

"Why, no, child," said Mrs. Bertrand. "But you know he could not do it openly, on account of his former trouble with Mr. Harton. So he would have to remain concealed, and work quietly. Should you disapprove very much of

such a course?" "It is not likely he will come, Dora. Why do you seem so interested?" "I think be will, mamma; indeed, I

have seen him.' Mrs. Bertrand gave a sudden start, glancing around almost as if she expected to see him, too.

"Where is he?" she asked. "Surely not in the village? It is well Mr. Harton

"He is here in this house, or rather in the tower, and wishes to see you.' "To see me! When did he come? Are

you sure it is he, Dora?" "Quite sure; he looks so like the pict-ure of his father. And now do not be frightened, mamma, while I tell you the

whole story?" and Dora came and knen beside her mother, while she repented the incidents of the morning, leaving out much of the alarm, she had experi-

Mrs. Bertrand was greatly surprised, and quite undecided what course to pursue, but Dora pleaded so warmly in Mr. Chorley's behalf, that she at length said: "I think we might manage it but for

"But Jane is very trusty when one really confides in her. I think she would be proud of having a secret to keep."

So presently Dora went to summon Mr. Chorley, who succeeded in deepening the good impression the young girl had begun. He was very manly and straight-forward, and when he repeated his father's dying charge Mrs. Bertrand began almost to believe in the possibility of a will being found.

They were still talking earnestly when a shadow passed the window. Dora sprang into the hall, closing the door behind her, and found an old friend, but most unwelcome guest, entering the wide doorway. She stood quite still, her face paling visibly.

"My darling Dora, I have frightened you almost to death, have I not?" said the gay, pleasant voice of Olive Harton. 'I was not expecting you-when did

"At noon, and I couldn't wait, I wanted to see you so. We returned sooner than we intended, and Clara's lover came with us. She is to be married immediately. And your mother—is she quite well?" "Improving all the time. Excuse me

moment, Olive, dear, while I go and prepare her for a visitor. Come in the "No, I'll sit here," and Olive took one of the chairs in the hall.

There was no mode of egress from Mrs. Bertrand's room save into the hall, and consequently Mr. Chorley was a prisoner. After a moment's consideration, Mrs. Bertrand came forth with her daughter, and all three entered the parlor opposite.
"I don't believe you are a bit glad to

see me," Olive said, with an embarrassed laugh. "You did not use to make such company of me."

Both Dora and her mother tried to place their guest at ease as rapidly as possible, and Mrs. Bertrand judged this would be more readily done by leading her to talk of her journey. In a few moments Olive launched into a lively description of all she had seen, and expressed her delight in the approaching wedding; "only," she ended with, "I don't like Clara's lover, and I am afraid never shall." Mrs. Bertrand gave her some gentle,

busied herself about the last three weeks. After this there came a little awkward lull, and Olive rose to go. "Oh," she said, pausing in the hall, have you seen the tower ghost yet,

motherly advice, but Olive soon changed

the subject by inquiring what Dora had

Dora? Come, let us take a turn in the old rookery."

Dora would fain have declined, but Olive pushed on in gay unconcern. It search. Dora fairly trembled, and was thankful when they reached the hall.

"I may as well take the key home, I suppose," Olive exclaimed. "Papa might happen to ask about it." "Oh, not now," said the frightened Dora.

I want it a few days longer." "Very well. But how oddly you act. Dora; and first you are pale, then crim-

son-what is the matter?" "Nothing;" and Dora laughed to hide her agitation, walking with her companon to the end of the garden, and prom-

ising to come over early the next morn-"It is too bad," Dora said, vehemently, when she returned, "that the Hartons

entering your residence? Please be a should have come back just now." "I must be expeditious in my search, returned Mr. Chorley. "If you will not be frightened, I think that I should like

to work a little to-night." Both ladies consented. When Jane returned she was informed Mr. Allingham Chorley had come to search the tower matter. He accepted Dora's invitation to come down to tea, and Jane declared

and desired the strictest silence on the in confidence to her young mistress as she was washing up the tea things "that she almost hoped Mr. Chorley would find the will, he was such a nice looking, pleasant young gentleman." The next morning Dora spent with her

friend Olive, and all the afternoon she kept the tower door fastened lest some unlucky mischance should betray Mr. Chorley. He worked assiduously, searching for private drawers, false bottoms to the old chests, and took down the paneling in the study. But, as he had to replace everything, his progress was not as rapid as he could wish.

On the third day Dora was alarmed by seeing Mr. Harton walk rapidly up the path with a flushed and angry face. She was glad her mother had gone to ride with the doctor, and confronted Mr. Harton with all the bravery she could summon. He rudely demanded the key of the tower, and told Dora that she had no right to enter it, that it was his property and he had let her mother no privilege whatever. She took the key from the nail and handed it to him, much relieved when she saw him turn away. 'As if reconsidering, he wheeled suddenly round and marched straight to the tower door. Dora sprang forward, her heart beating in great bounds, and said,

with sudden vehemence: "Let me go, too; please do." "Get away!" And he pushed ber

roughly aside. She sank down on the floor in strange, preathless pain, and listened with intense eagerness for some sound. At last she heard it-too surely. Mr. Chorley had been discovered. Half an hour clapsed before Mr. Harton came down, and then he strode through the hall and garden like a madman.

Dora ran out doors eagerly and gave a glance to the window by which Mr. Chorley had entered. Moment after moment she watched, hoping to see him es-cape, but all was silent as the grave. Wringing her hands, she said, over and

"What can I do for him? How shall I save him?"-

Jane was equally perturbed, and even Mrs. Bertrand, though she tried to be very impartial, could not repress her sympathy, and even began to plan some

mode of assisting him. But she had hardly laid aside her bonnet, when Mr. ceived by Mr. Harton, as he passed through the hall, closely guarded. It

contained these words: DEAR LITTLE FRIEND-Do not be disturbed on my account. I have been rather unlucky, but it will come right in the end, I am convinced. I was in the observatory when Mr. Harton entered, so had no chance of escape. Please do not answer any questions if you can avoid them. I shall send for a legal friend of mine immediately, and when was established beyond a doubt. he comes I have a favor to ask of you. Your grateful friend, A. C.

Before night Chorley Cliffs and the village were in a high state of excitement, and the wildest stories were circulated. Jane resolutely refused to admit any of her gossiping cronies, and busied herself about Mrs. Bertrand.

In a few days it was settled that the case was quite strong against Mr. Chorley. In order to relieve the Bertrands from suspicion, he had frankly stated to Mr. Harton how he gained admission. One of the men who had been in the boat, and rescued Mr. Harton from a watery grave on the occasior of Mr. Chorley's first visit, suddenly remenibered with great distinctness that he had seen the two men quarreling, and that Mr. Chorley had pushed his antagonist off the cliff. He was ready to swear to this on the trial, which would soon be brought on. Mr. Harton visited Mrs. Bertrand and obligingly offered to release her, if she wished to leave the house before her term expired. She would have done this at once but for Dora's persuasion. The young girl could not analyze the strange tie that bound her to the place, but she pleaded earnestly to remain until October, as their original plan had been.



Just time to slip a tiny note in Dora's hand. The friend that Mr. Chorley had sent for was a long while making his appearbrought her another note from Mr. Chorley. In this he said he had starched everywhere except under the study floor, and he wished now to have this done under the supervision of his friend, Mr. Townley, who was to defend him on the trial. It was his desire Dora should be present through the search.

Mr. Harton gnashed his teeth in impotent rage when he found he could not prevent this. He had intended to demolish the tower at his earliest convenience, but his daughter's marriage and the approaching trial had demanded too much of his attention to allow him to engage in it immediately. But he was present when the workmen began to remove the floor, and never left them for

It seemed as if this would be as unsuccessful as all the rest. No casket or package of any kind was found. Dora drew a long sigh of disappointment. "I am afraid we must be convinced

now," Mr. Townley said to her. "I hope your client will be satisfied." was Mr. Harton's sneering retort. "We

will adjourn now, if you please," Dora followed reluctantly. Stepping from beam to beam, a nail caught her dress, and she stooped to unfasten it. She was in the center of the room, where the oaken table and high backed chair generally stood, and, pausing, a curious place in the beam attracted her attention. Calling to Mr. Townley, he began

to examine it. "Hand me a chisel," he said to one of the workmen; and slipping it in a little crevice, which looked as if at some time a square had been cut out and replaced, a vigorous wrench brought up the plece.

There was a cavity containing a box that looked like dingy, rusted iron. Mr. Townley brought it up to light with an air of triumph, while Mr. Harton staggered back in ghostly whiteness.

"We will open it," Mr. Townley said. "There are a sufficient number of witnesses;" and, failing to force the lock, drew off the hinges. Yes, there was the will. Dora could not repress a glad cry

Mr. Townley glanced it over, and then said to Mr. Harton: "Can you tell me the date of your willy

"Fifteenth of May, 18-, It was drawn up the last time Capt. Chorley was at

"This will is dated five years before that, but there is a codicil attached which bears the date of May 24." Mr. Harton gave a despairing groan.

Mr. Townley proceeded to read it. By the first will the property was divided equally between the two boys; the codicil provided, if Harold, who was then married, should die childless, his wife should retain only a life interest in the portion, and at her death it should revert to Vincent. The same provision was made for Harold, if Vincent should die first and childless.

During this reading a new thought had occurred to Mr. Harton. He would make his antagonist prove this will was written by Capt. Chorley before he left the Cliffs on his last voyage. It might be impossible to find the date of his going. So, although angry and disappointed, he declared he would contest the Turks.—Harper's Bazar. the will to the last point.

Dora was too hopeful to be cast down

by this. She reserved her expressions of delight for her, mother and Jane, and she had thought for. The evidence against him was pretty strong, but, fortunately for him, the jury failed to agree and the result was a new trial, as Mr. Harton was obstinate and energetic. Then the two lawyers went to work with avidity to hunt up the missing date. Mr. Townley was successful. Capt. Chorley had remained at the Cliffs two days after making the addition to his will. Allingham Chorley's claim

How the document Mrs. Chorley discovered ever came into existence remained forever a secret. Mr. Harton was found dead in his bed the next morning, the passion and excitement of the last few days having culminated in an attack of heart disease. He had forbidden Olive to visit at the Cliffs, but now Mrs. Bertrand and Dora went to comfort the poor child. Clara and her husband were suddenly recalled home, the latter excessively indignant at the turn offairs had taken, and utterly refusing to do anything for Olive. If it pained or humiliated Chra to know she had been married solely for her wealth, she made no sign to those about her.

With his master's eye no louger upon him, the witness against Allingham Chorley wavered and grew confused, and finally admitted that it might have been an accident. The prisoner was honorably discharged, and warmly congratulated on his good fortune.

The first use he made of his freedom was to walk over to the Cliffs. Dora stood at the gate. She had so much to say, yet her eyes drooped under the gaze that met hers, and a strange, sweet crimson suffused her cheeks. He took both white hands in his, and kissed the sweet, silent mouth, and then, instead of going in immediately, walked up and down with her under the trees.

Late that evening they finished the conversation. She did it on this wise: "I want you to ask poor Olive to come and live with us. She has lost every-

thing, you know." "And we have gained everythingfortune, love and friends. I believe I owe most of them to you, so you shall have your wish. We will try to make Olive happy."

They kept their word. To this day Olive insists that Dora discovered the ghost of the tower, and the sweet wife says, laughingly: "A very substantial ghost,"

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I suffered for five years with the worst form of Blood Poison, during which time I was attended by the best physicians I prices. could find, and tried numbers of proprietary medicines without any beneficial resulfs. I continued to grow worse all this time, until my whole system was deance, as the summons followed him from stroyed by the vile disease; my tongue was well her eyes or suspicions were not place to place, being always a little too and throat having great holes caused by 40 in. Serges all Wool new shades worth 60 60 very acute, or she would have discovered late. He arrived a few days before the it. I then commenced taking Swift's 50c. Specific (S. S. S.), and in a few months I was entirely cured, and to this great medicine do I attribute my recovery. This was over two years ago, and I have had no return, or any effects of the disease since, and my skin today is as

> smooth and clean as anybody's. WILLIAM SOWERS, Covington, Ohio.

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W. J. MITCHELL, Marion, Ala. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases

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Glass Raifronds.

Attention has been called to one of the greatest novelties in the construction of street railroads. Glass sleepers, introduced by Mr. Lindsay Buckill and Mr. W. Siemen, of Dresden, have been tried with such satisfaction that it is now proposed to make broad, longitudinal sleepers of glass, having a groove in the upper surface, and so combining in themselves the functions of both sleepers and rails. This would do away with the necessity for separate iron rails, with their fastenings and other complications. In a paper by Dr. Schott it is shown that by properly tempering glass with oil this very brittle substance "can be made, mass for mass, stronger than steel, and practically unbreakable." This being the fact, may we not soon expect to see railroads using large quantities of this plentiful substance for cails and for other purposes for which from is now used?-St. Louis Re-

Where New York Churches Are Building. The geographical situation of the churches on which these sums were expended is worth noting. Of the \$1,124,-000 credited to the Roman Catholie church all but \$110,000 was expended above Eighty-ninth street. Of the \$1.-485,000 spent by the Protestant Episcopal church all but \$50,000 was spent or is One dozen Cedar Lead Pencils.. to be spent above Seventie, a street, Three hundred and seventy thousand dollars of the Presbyterian \$130,000 has been spent north of Seventy-second street All but \$40,000 of the \$275,000 of the Methodists' money north of Seventy-fifth street, and a similar trend and proportion with all the denominations. -New York Press.

The Greek boatman, Chazes by name, who used to serve Lord Byron has just died at Missolonghi, and been honored

Byron's Boutman.

with a state funeral by command of the king, the public buildings at Athens being draped in mourning for this brave survivor of the Greek war of independence. It is sixty-six years since Chazes rowed the poet through the storm that cansed his fatal illness, but to him Byron remained forever young and forever glo rious, as man, as poet and as the would

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